

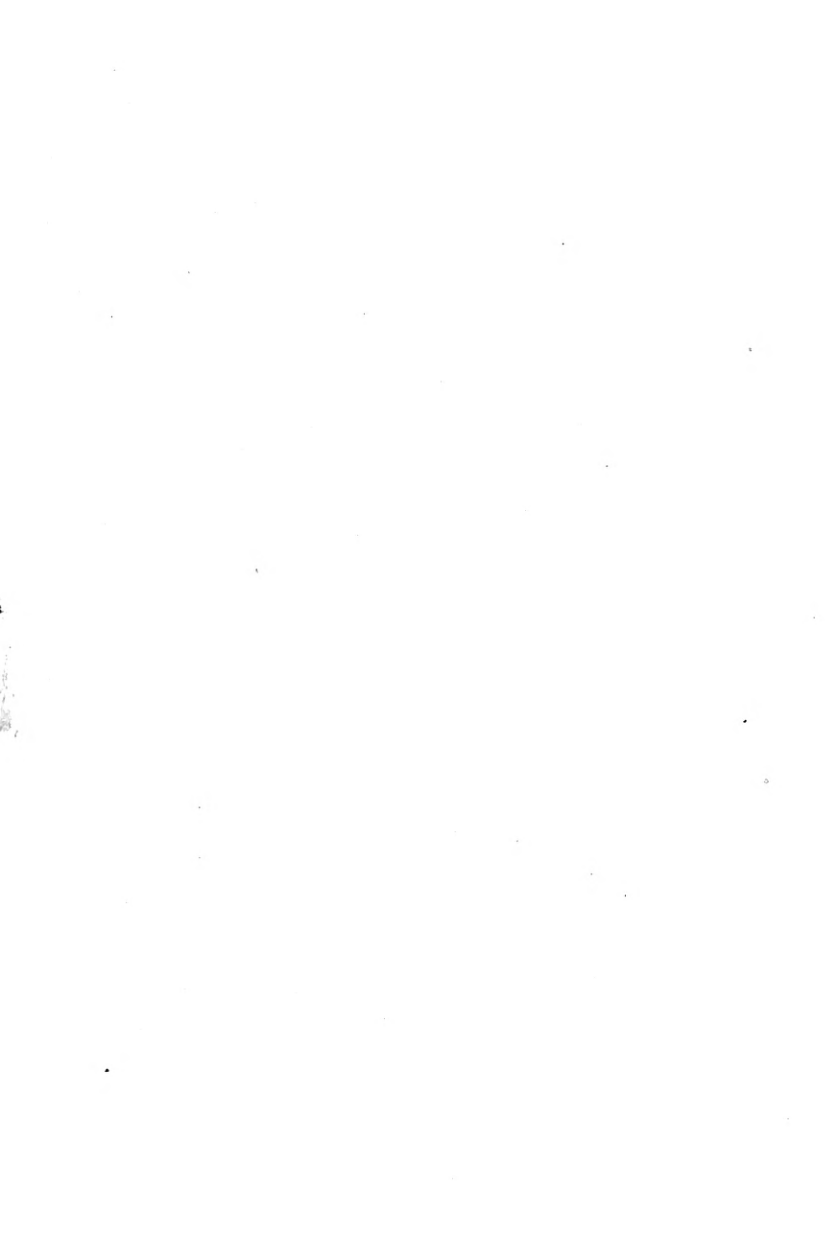
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LOGAN.

THE LAST OF THE RACE OF
SHIKELLEMUS CHIEF OF THE
CAYUGA NATION.

A DRAMATIC PIECE.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,
THE DIALOGUE OF THE BACKWOODSMAN,
AND THE DANDY,
FIRST RECITED AT THE BUFFALOE SEMINARY,

July the 1st 1821.

BY Dr. JOSEPH DODDRIDGE. 1751 - 1826

*"Moriatur, et in media arma ruamus.
Vna Salus victis, nullam sperare salutem."*

BUFFALOE CREEK: BROOKE COUNTY, VA.

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PREFACE.

In collecting materials for the notes on the settlement and wars of the western country, the history of the unfortunate Cayuga chief Logan presented itself. I thought his bravery, talents, and misfortunes worthy of a dramatic commemoration. For attempting the task of doing justice to the character of Logan, I have no apology to make. My right to the use of pen, and press is equal to that of any other man. Of the public I shall ask no indulgence. The imperial court of public opinion decides on the merit of every literary work, without favor or malice.

If the work is well written it will live ; if not it will go where it ought, to the shades of oblivion. In the latter case however one advantage will result from my attempt, I shall have furnished materials for some abler hand to perform a work which certainly is due to the world.

The tear of commiseration is due to Logan. Like Wallace, he outlived the independence of his nation. Like Cato, he "greatly fell with his falling state." Like Ossian, he was the last of his family, all of whom, but himself, had fallen by assassinations, which, for their atrocious character, are scarcely paralleled in history.

"In every period of society, human manners are a curious spectacle."* The drama professes to represent them, and, when faithful to its object, cannot fail to be interesting. How far I have succeeded in giving a correct portrait of the manners of the period of time alluded to, in the following composition, must be left to the judgment of the reader. As it respects the Back-woods-men, I cannot be wrong, for I was brought up among them, and, I trust, that I have done justice to the customs and phraseology of the native

sons of our forests. In all its historical allusions it is strictly correct.

Should it be said that the piece, as to the characters which it represents, is too horrible for the stage, or that its form is improper theatrical representation, I would willingly acquiesce in the decision, as I have no great ambition to appear in that department. It is enough that it be read; but if unworthy of that, why, then, let it be thrown aside, among other abortive productions of the pen, and press.

THE ARGUMENT.

Logan, the principal subject of the following dramatic composition, was the second son of Shikellimus, a famous Chief of the Cayuga nation, whose residence was at Shamokin on the Susquehanna. He was a man of peace, much attached to the English government, and of great service in bringing about the peace between the Indians and the Whites in the fall of 1764. Logan followed his father's example, till the spring of 1774, when the atrocious and unprovoked murders of the Indians, at the mouth of Captina, on the 27 of April; and at the mouth of big Yellow Creek, on the third day afterwards, and which comprehended the whole of Logan's family, brought on the war of the Earl of Dunmore, which ended in the peace of Camp Charlotte, in November, in the same year. This drama, therefore, embraces a period of about seven months.

It is reported that Logan, after the peace became melancholy and intemperate, and often wished for death; and that he was murdered somewhere between Detroit and the Miami, but by whom, or on what account, is not at present known.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Capt. Furioso.
1 Lieutenant.
2 Lieutenant.
Capt. Pacificus.
Logan, Chief of the Cayugas.
Shahillas, Chief of the Ottoways.
Tawatwees, Chief of the Shawnees.
Kuhn, Chief of the Wyandots, a prisoner to Logan.
Queeta, an old Squaw.
Sheba, son of Queeta.
Tawasta and Neputa, Daughters of Queeta.
Officers, Militia men, warriors, spies, messengers, and interpreters.

LOGAN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Wheeling. A Militia Council of war.*

Capt. Furioso. The Indians are gathering close about us: what shall we do with them?

1st Lieutenant. Let us fall to work, and kill every rascal of them without delay, for they certainly intend mischief.

2d Lieutenant. What evidence have we that they design to do mischief?

1st Lieut. Have you not heard of their having stolen horses from the land jobbers, and that they have killed nearly all the traders who were among them?

2d Lieut. I have heard these reports; but do not know thro' what channel they come. Perhaps they may not be true: a few days will confirm the truth or falsehood of them. We had therefore better wait a while.

1st Lieut. I am for no delay. You know that even a false report is always followed by a true one of the same kind. If the Indians have not already done mischief, they will soon do it.

2d Lieut. I am no prophet. I cannot foresee what these Indians intend doing.

Capt. Fur. I am afraid that evil is gathering about us, or why so large an encampment of Indians at the mouth of Yellow Creek? Another has been made at the mouth of Captina. Thus they are stationed both above and below us, and more of them are now coming down the river in canoes. What do these things mean? Why do these Yellow-jackets come so near us?

2d Lieut. They are still on their own ground.

1st Lieut. On their own ground! What ground can an Indian have? I would as soon apply to a buffaloe, for a right to the land over the river, as to

an Indian. I could prove that he marked the earth with his feet, had eaten the weeds and brushed the bushes with his tail, and made paths to the salt licks, and what has an Indian done more?

Capt. Fur. An Indian is not worthy to be compared to a buffaloe: He is a wolf, or bear, that lives upon the destruction of every thing about him. He is a beast of prey.

2d Lieut. They have at least the right of possession to the country. Providence placed them here, long before the white people knew any thing of this quarter of the earth.

Capt. Fur. That is true, and if they had been worthy of its possession, they would have been continued in it; but they are Canaanites, whom Providence has doomed to utter extermination.

2d Lieut. I am no Moses, and am therefore not authorized to pass this dreadful sentence upon them.

Capt. Fur. Neither am I a Moses; but I am a Joshua to execute the decree for their destruction, and altho' I cannot command the sun and moon to stand still; yet if my companions think as I do, this very day shall be long enough to finish some of them.

Capt. Pacificus. Perhaps we had better take a little time for deliberation on this weighty concern. The Indians are not likely to leave their present encampments shortly, and we shall soon find means to discover their intentions.

Capt. Fur. What, shall we wait for the tomahoc and scalping-knives, of the Indians to convince us of their bad intentions! Are you not aware that they claim the very ground on which we stand? At the conclusion of the war between the English and the French, in 1763, they entered into a confederacy to destroy all the forts, and settlements in the western country, and nearly did so. Have you forgotten the slaughter at Shamokin, and those of Muddy Creek, and the Big-levels, in the Greenbrier country?

Capt. Pac. I am well acquainted with the history of those events, and also with the doings of the Pax-

ton Boys, in murdering the Canestoga Indians in the jail of Lancaster. (Pa.) Depend upon it, if we have ground of complaint against the Indians; they are not without theirs against us. We ought not to be too hasty in this affair.

1st Lieut. The Paxton Boys did right. An Indian ought to be killed, he is naturally a murderer, and if not at war, it is only because he is chained down by fear.

2d Lieut. They have been at peace with us for ten years. We are now much stronger than we were ten years ago, and I do not see any thing at present to encourage them to go to war against us.

Capt. Fur. I am afraid you do not perfectly understand the matter. The Indians have much to encourage them to go to war: they know as well as we do, that we are shortly to have war with the English, and they will join them. I believe they have done so already, and that the English at Detroit, are now supplying them with arms, and ammunition.

1st Lieut. I know we shall have war: Did we not all see the great lights in the north last winter. They looked like ranks of soldiers, and troops of horsemen. Sometimes I thought I could see the flashes of the guns. The dogs have howled every night for a long time past. A few nights ago I dreamed that I saw a black cloud coming slowly from the westward; when it came over my house it gathered into a bunch, fell down into the yard, and turned into blood. The blood appeared to be ankle deep. These we all know are signs of war, and we shall have it. We had better strike the first blow.

Capt. Pac. Northern lights, dogs, and dreams, are not good foundations for war. If the council were disposed to hear them, I could give the most satisfactory proofs that the Indians do not intend war at this time.

2d Lieut. Let us hear them.

Capt. Pac. In all their encampments on the Ohio we do not hear of any war Chiefs being among them.

This is never the case when they intend war. In the time of hostilities they are more obedient to their Chiefs than we are, and do nothing without their advice.

The absence of their Chiefs is an evidence that their intentions are not hostile.

At their encampments on the Ohio, there are more women and children, than men; if they intended to make war, this would not be the case. Whenever the Indians make war, they remove their women and children to a place of safety, as we do ours. If we are to have war, let us not sneak into it, like a thief in the night. If the presence of these Indians along the river is disagreeable to us, let us tell them so. In that case no doubt they will remove farther off; if not, there will be some pretext for hostilities against them.

Capt. Fur. I am for no delay. Let us strike while the iron is hot. They are within our reach, and we ought not to let them escape.

Capt. Pac. Surely you will not kill women and children. This would be not only inhuman, but dishonorable.

Capt. Fur. I would kill all, nits will believe; they have killed the traders, and now blood for blood. No mercy ought to be shown them.

Capt. Pac. We do not know that they have killed any traders; and if they have they were not within our jurisdiction, so that we are under no obligation to avenge their deaths. If traders, from a motive of gain, choose to venture among them, let them abide by the consequence. We have nothing to do with them.

1st Lieut. I am for avenging the blood of any white man shed by the Indians.

Capt. Pac. Does it then belong to you or me, to make war or peace? Peace and war, are national concerns, and not those of individuals. If the Indians have committed murders, let us ascertain the facts, and report them to government. A negotiation will follow, and if satisfaction be not given, a declaration

of war will be the consequence: We can then go to war openly, and with a good conscience.

Capt. Fur. I am for no delay. I will not wait for a declaration of war.

Capt. Pac. What then? Will you be a murderer. Will you attack, and slaughter people who are at peace? If you intend any such thing let them know it, that they may have an equal chance with you. Do not take them by surprise. Be an honorable soldier. A murderer is a coward. Besides, by killing these people you would become answerable to the criminal justice of our country.

1st Lieut. The criminal justice of our country, for killing Indians! We are not afraid of that. All the sheriffs, magistrates, and constables in the country could not take one of us. If they should attempt it we would soon shew them the effects of club law.

Capt. Fur. The thing must be done this very day. There are many of us who have lost relations in the former war, by the hand of Indians, and their bones are not yet buried. Now we have a chance to bury them, and we must do it. Our people will be much disappointed if we do not strike the blow. Let us be off.

Capt. Pac. I have something more to say to you before the council breaks up.

Capt. Fur. We are ready to hear you; provided you do not detain us too long. The day is wearing away, and we have a great deal to do. This is to be the day of vengeance.

Capt. Pac. A day of vengeance, truly! More so I apprehend than you are aware of. It may be a piece of sport to you, to shoot these Indian men, and bury the tomahoc in the heads of their women and children.

1st Lieut. Aye. This is the very game we want to be at, and that forthwith.

Capt. Pac. But will business end here? Will you murder our own people too?

Capt. Fur. What do you mean by this question?

Capt. Pac. I will explain myself. The moment

you strike the blow war is declared, and you may rest assured the Indians will not be slow in making retaliation; but are we now in a condition to go to war? We have had ten years of peace, during which time the country has been settled pretty smartly, but still our population is but thin, and we are all poor, we have no army, but few arms, and little ammunition to help ourselves with. You know our men had better be at work, and raise corn, and get meat to keep their families from starving, than to spend their time in building forts and going on scouts, and campaigns, this is not the worst, more than one half of our people will leave the country. Strike this blow, immediately every road leading to the mountains and over them, will be crowded with families flying from the war. Your residence Capt. is not among us. You can easily return home, and there you will be out of danger. Will you light up the flames of war and then leave the few who, either cannot, or will not leave the country to contend with it?

Capt. Fur. Do you suppose I am afraid of danger? I shall be amongst you.

Capt. Pac. That may be; or may not be. To tell you the honest truth, I think but little of the bravery of any man who can ever harbor a thought of committing murder in cold blood. At all events, the man who can kill a woman or child, must be a coward.

Capt. Fur. Do you mean that I am a coward, and that I intend to commit murder?

Capt. Pac. I do not intend to retract any thing I have said, take it as you like. I had much rather risk a shot with you, than suffer you to do what you intend, if I could prevent it. I have but one life to lose, and you may as well take it, if you can, as that I should lose it in a war which you are about to bring on, and this will likely be my fate, as I intend at all events, to abide by the stuff.

1st Lieut. No more of that we have other matters on hand.

Capt. Pac. I know very well that I am in no dan-

ger from you, say what I may. But I feel for others. What torrents of blood must be shed in consequence of what you are about to do this day! On you, and your party, be the blame of the widows, and orphans, whose husbands, and fathers, must soon perish by the savages, in revenge for their relations, and friends, whom you are about to slaughter. Their sighs, their tears, and their poverty, will be laid to your account. To the latest posterity your names will be stained with blood. You will be regarded as cowards, and murderers, who have involved your country in a destructive war, without provocation—Would to God the Indians were acquainted with your design, that they might give you the reception you so richly deserve, and prevent the bloodshed of innocent people.

Capt. Fur. You had better give them notice then,

Capt. Pac. Were it in my power I certainly should do so; but you know it is not.

Capt. Fur. Let us put the matter to vote at once, we have talked too long already. If any thing is to be done, let us do it. Call in our men.

SCENE II.

Enter a number of Militia, dressed in their habit, with rifles in their hands.

Capt. Fur. Men what have you to say about those Indians along the river? shall we kill them; or let them alone?

Omnes. Kill them, Kill them. Men, women, and children. Let us not leave one of them alive.

1st Lieut. The majority governs. Our resolution is taken. To work then my brave boys as speedily as possible.

[Exeunt omnes.]

Capt. Pac. Oh! Lord what is man? Is he thine image here below? Is he the son of reason? Why then is he the victim of the vilest passions! He

boasts of a revelation of thy divine government, teaching him to be the good Samaritan; yet he is a fury. With all the rewards of a good conscience and the divine favor before him, he riots in the blood of his fellow man with savage brutality. What is there of justice on our side in the contest which must follow the deeds of this day? We have ravished their country from these sons of the forest, and now slaughter them without provocation. What is the life of man? It is like that of the frail mushroom, short in itself, yet liable to premature destruction by the tread of every foot. O! my country what a waste of life is soon to take place among our people, who although poor, were 'till now, peaceful, and contented. God of justice! I call thee to witness that in the murderous deeds of this day, I have had no participation, and I invoke thy protection for me, and mine, during the storm of war now impending over us!

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The council house at Sandusky, enter the chiefs Logan, Shahillas, Tawatwees and Kuhn—a number of death halloos, in succession, at a distance.*

Logan. Bad news. What can this mean?

Shahillas. We shall soon hear. What eight deaths?

Enter Messenger.

What news brother?

Mes. Bad news—the long knives have made war and killed some of our people.

Log. Where?

Mes. Two in a canoe above Wheeling and six more at Captina.

Tawatwees. Can you tell the reason of their having done so.

Mes. No—we had not offended them: when they were coming to our camp we thought them friends, 'till they fired upon us, and killed six of our people.

Tawa. For some time past I thought we should have war.* We have seen great lights in the north. The owls have been very plenty, and the pigeons scarce. I have seen a great many strange sights, and heard strange noises in the air; Yet I have always rejoiced in the sun beam of peace.

Kuhn. The life of man is a life of war. The wolves cannot eat grass, Something must die before they can eat. The fox kills and eats the harmless birds. The rattle snake has its poison, and its teeth. The eagle has its claws, and its strong bill. Every thing about us is at war, and can we expect peace? No! we must soon be at war. Such is the will of the great spirit. These white people are as fond of blood as we are. They have dipped their hands in the blood of our people, and we must do so with theirs. The great father of the white people over the great water is angry with his children and will soon make war upon them, to punish them for being too proud, and we must join the great father. He has guns, powder, and lead for us, in exchange for our skins, and fur; but his children are poor, and have nothing for themselves.

Sha. Let us not be too fast. This news has come to us like a bolt of thunder. The news has made our ears deaf, and the flash has blinded our eyes. We are like a man just awaking out of sleep, at the dawn of the morning, while the light is not yet clear, and his eyes not yet quite awake. He thinks he sees a bunch of large trees; but they are nothing but a bunch of bushes. He sees, as he thinks, a large mountain; but it is only a little hill. The grass of the prearie he mistakes for a large water. Brothers let us listen a little longer, before we lift the hatchet. [*A number of death halloos in succession at a distance.*]

Logan, counting the halloos. What, twelve more dead!

* The Aurora borealis was a common occurrence for several winters preceding the commencement of the revolutionary war.

Enter Messenger.

Log. You bring us bad news brother.

Mes. Very bad! The long knives have killed twelve of our people at Yellow creek.

Kuhn. They are for war. They are in earnest.

Log. Can you tell me what has become of my people?

Nes. They are all dead. Some of them at Captina, and the rest at Yellow creek. In the morning the captain of the white men came over to our camp, and looked very sharply about. I believe he counted us. Your sister told him to go away. That the Indians were angry, because their friends down the river had been killed. He went away. Afterwards your brother, and sister, and some more went over the river to the house where they sold rum to the Indians—but they took no guns with them. After they had been there a while, the white men killed them all. Several more were killed in a canoe as they were going over the river to see what had happened.

Log. Logan is left alone; but he will not weep. He will think only of revenge. What think you brothers, must we not cover the blood of our people?

Kuhn. The red hatchet must be lifted. Our arms must be strong for war. Call in the peace chiefs.

SHENE II.

* *Enter Wingemind, and some other peace chiefs.*

Taw. † For ten snows, and ten ears of corn you have governed our nations. The light was clear all about us. Our war posts are fallen down, and rotten. The scalp-halloo has not been heard. Our young men can hardly make it. A dark cloud

* The Indians have two sets of chiefs, one for war and the other for peace. When war is declared, the peace chiefs are out of place, and the war chiefs have the command. When peace is made, the peace chiefs resume the government.

† The Indian terms for Summer and Winter.

is now coming from the place where the sun wakes up in the morning. You must leave the storm to us; only the good weather belongs to you.

Peace Chiefs. Let us first hear all you have to say, before we consent to exchange the clear light, for darkness, and the sun shine, and sweet little winds, for thunder, and storms.

Sha. Let us think a little before we strike. The panther before he springs on his prey, takes time to squat down, fix his claws, and mark his exact course with his eyes. The snake before he bites, rattles, and coils himself up.

Tuw. We must have war. The bones of our friends must be covered.

Sha. Must they be covered with the war hatchet? Brothers it may be that in attempting to do this, we may leave our bones uncovered with theirs.

Kuhn. We are warriors. We must be strong.

Sha. We are not strong; although we are good warriors ourselves, and so are our men; but we are few in number, and we are poor. These white people are like an ant-hill, you may tear down a part of it, and kill a great many; but there are always enough left to build it up again, and the dead are not missed.

Log. The spirit of our friends will never rest until we have revenge on the whites. They have killed my people and I must kill too.

Sha. My heart is sorry for you, brother Logan. You have no brother to hunt with you, you have no wife, and sister to take care of your cabin, and plant your corn. Were I angry at Logan I would say that he, as well as his grand father, *Shikkellemus* has been too fond of the white skins; but we all do wrong sometimes. Logan is our brother, and his people were ours too. We must take part in his revenge; but brothers, I think we had best wait for a better opportunity.

Kuhn. What better opportunity shall we ever have? Shall we ever be stronger than we are now?

Will the great spirit put the thunder, and lightning into our hands, and tell us to dash them upon the white skins? will he turn rocks, and bushes into Indians, to help us in the war? He has not told us so. We must have revenge, or give up, and say that we are squaws. Now is the time to strike, unless brother Shahillas knows something we do not.

Sha. It takes time to prepare for war. We might now strike a blow, and kill a great many before these white men would be ready for war. Yes brother Logan might have revenge for the blood of his people in a short time. His bullets, and tomahoc might soon cover their bones deep in the ground; but brothers listen! Our squaws must first be taken to a safe place, or the scouts of the white people would soon reach and kill them all, and where shall we put them? would Sandusky, Coshocton, or Chillicothe be far enough from them? would they not sooner find them at all these towns?

Taw. I am for revenge at once. The bones of our people must be covered. I am not afraid to die. I can die but once, and no matter how soon if I have made satisfaction to the spirits of my murdered friends. The large snake rattles, and bites, altho' he knows he is to be killed the next moment; but he dies contentedly, because he has struck his enemy the first blow, so will Tawatwees, if the great spirit says it shall be so.

Kuhn. The white people have already drove the red men from the long shore of the great water, where the sun rises, across the Allegheny mountains, and now over the Ohio. Many nations on the other side of the great mountain who used to count thousands, have vanished from the earth like the fog along the rivers in a summer morning. Others not quite gone are now small, and their legs are cut off so that they cannot fight. They are not satisfied yet. They must have our country too. Do we not see the marks of their hatchets on the trees? their honey flies have come among us, and we shall see them with their

iron strings,* measuring off our land for themselves. Brothers, if the white people must have our country, let us make it cost them as much of their blood as we can spill.

Sha. Brother Kuhn has said that the white men will not be long at peace. That their great father is angry with them. This I believe from things I have heard among them at Detroit. There will be but one ear of corn, and one snow more before they will lift the red hatchet. We will then join our great father. We shall then be like a little bush under the shelter of a large tree, whose great arms cover it from the storms. By ourselves we are like a boy whose arms are not yet strong enough for the war; but by the side of our great father, we shall be strong enough for the white men.

If we should strike now they will come from the other side of the great mountain where the sun rises, like swarms of locusts. They will cut roads through our country for the carriage of their big rifles, which make thunder, and lightning; and they will fall on us with their long rows of men with coats all of one colour, with one horned guns in their hands. Shahillas is not afraid; but he wishes to wait 'till he becomes stronger before he strikes the blow.

Log. Logan has been called the friend of the white men: his great father Shikellimus taught him to be so; but Logan is still an Indian, and he must have blood for blood. The spirits of his friends cannot rest until he has taken revenge. If none will join Logan he will go alone, and kill till his arm is sick. He will fear no danger. Why should he fear? when he falls there is none left to mourn for his death.

Tow. We must join our brother Logan. He shall not fall alone. We must fight and die with him. Let the war-post be set deep in the ground.

Kuhn Our brothers have already raised the war-post.

* Surveyor's chain.

Log. How many have struck it with their hatchets.

Kuhn. Every man. They are all warriors. Let us call them, and tell them to prepare for the war-dance.

Enter the young warriors.

Taw. Young men you have been raised in the the sun shine of peace ; but now comes the storm of war. You have killed the deer, buffaloe, and elk, now you must kill white men. The bones of our friends are not covered, you must cover them deep in the ground with the red hatchet.

Sha. Shahillas thought it too soon to strike the white men ; but the other chiefs say now is the time. Shahillas is not afraid. Logan must have revenge for the loss of his friends, and we must strike with him. The young men have said all to me, shew us the white men, and we will kill them. I will shew you the white men, and if any turn his back upon them in battle, he shall die by my hands. You wish for war, now you shall fight.

War song of the Chiefs.

Ye peace-chiefs retire, for your sunshine is o'er.
Your reign has been mild, as the breezes of spring.
The clouds gather round us, and peace is no more,
'Till the strife of our warriors, a conquest shall bring.

Young men, who have grown in the mild beam of
peace,
In hunting, and singing, the feast, and the dance,
Must now become warriors ; and give up the chase,
In revenge for the dead, like a whirlwind advance!

Their spirits now call you to cover their bones
From the clouds they invite you to vengeance in blood.
O ! quick put an end to their grief, and their groans,
Your fathers command it, and call the deed good.

Response of the Young Warriors.

We'll haste to the land, where our people have bled.

The red hatchet of war, for their death shall atone.
 The white man shall sink to his cold clayey bed ;
 And our fathers approve the brave deed of their sons.

Exeunt Chiefs and Warriors. LOGAN solus.

Log. Logan is left alone, the last of a long race of Chiefs renowned in peace, and in war, which when he dies, like the shooting star, will leave no track behind. The spring has come ; but Logan has none to plant corn for him. The flowers appear on the vallies, and hills ; but they have no fragrance for Logan. Logan smells nought but blood. The birds sing in the groves ; but they sing not for Logan. Logan will hear nought but the war whoop, and death halloo. The swallows, and robin red breasts, and bats have awoke from their long death of sleep. The wild geese, and swans have returned from the south, to hatch their young on the shores of the lakes, pairs of little birds in the fullness of love, are building their nests, the green leaves are breaking from their buds, the grass, and weeds begin to wave in the wind, all things are full of life, but Logan dies, and with him all his race. Logan lives only for revenge.

ACT III.

SCENE I—*Council House at Chillicothe.*

Kuhn, Tarwatwees and others in council.

[Enter Shahillas.]

Kuhn. What news brother ?

Sha. Bad indeed ! We have been defeated by the long knives, where we felt sure a victory.

Taw. You make our hearts sore ; but we must hear all the bad news ; tell us how the red men were beaten, they are strong.

Sha. We thought to have reached the mouth of Kenhawa, before the long knives, and to make a hard blow on the settlements on its upper branches ; but they were there the day before us. The evening before

the battle, we held a council. I proposed to go over the river, and make peace with the white men; but my men would fight, and Shahillas must command. We crossed the river and the battle began next morning, at waking up of the sun. Our warriors made their line from the Ohio to the Kenhawa. The long knives were in the forks of the river. For a while we beat them; but a great number of them came out from their camp, and we were defeated. Our warriors are coming home in small parties, to keep themselves from starving. Brothers we have fought bravely. We have done our duty; but we are too weak for the white men.

Taw. You bring us bad news indeed. Shahillas told us before the war began that we are too weak for the white men; and Shahillas is not weak. He is a warrior, and I am afraid he is a prophet too; but Tawatwees still hopes that the great spirit will not forsake his red children. The darkest and the coldest time is just before the sun wakes up in the morning. The light may shine around us yet.

Sha. It is in vain to hope that we shall be strong enough to fight with the long knives. The fawn cannot fight with the wolf, the young bird with the rattle snake, or the pidgeon with the eagle. The white men are many in number; we are but few. They are rich; we are poor. They know every thing; we know nothing—they can do every thing; and we but little. When things begin to run their course, they will go on 'till they reach their end. Brothers can we stop the winds from blowing? can we say to the lightning go no farther? can we make the clouds hold up the rain. We are going down the hill, and we must go to the bottom. These white men have driven our people from the sea shore to the Ohio. They will soon have this country, and drive us on to the place where the sun sleeps, 'till there shall be no place for hunting, or raising corn. If the great spirit say it shall be so, we cannot help

Kuhn. Shall we then say that our legs have been cut off so that we cannot fight? Shall we submit our breast to the bullets, and our heads to the tomahocs of the long knives? Must we become squaws and beg them not to kill us?

Sha. No Brothers we must make a good peace with them, or fight them to the last. If they must have our blood, we must sell it to them for as much of theirs as we can get. Brothers we must answer to our fathers for the deeds of our lives. Our misfortunes are not our faults. Ought a tree to be blamed when split to pieces by the thunder? Is it the fault of the little fawn that he is eaten up by the wolf; or the harmless bird that he is swallowed by the snake? Time makes, and destroys every thing. We see the big bones about our licks; where shall we now find the race of beasts to which they belonged? They are all gone. Do we not walk every day over the bones of a race of men who have vanished from the earth, like white clouds in the evening? Who built the great graves and forts which are seen all over our country? Perhaps they were killed by our forefathers. The whites will destroy us. We have had our day, our night is at hand. These white men will have theirs, and then some strong nation will bring the dark night upon them. So says the great spirit. His arm is strong we cannot hold it. We have only to do the best we can, where he has put our feet.

(Several scalp-halvos at a distance.)

Taw, Good news! It is like the clear sun shine after dark clouds and heavy rains.

Sha. The news although good must be but little. It will be to us like the first morning light to a man sick of a fever, whose pulse beats too hard in his temples, he rejoices to see the light, but is still sick. It is like a good plaister on a spider.* The pain is stopped a little time; but his legs are too long to be

* Spider is the Indian name for a cancer.

pulled out, he holds fast, and bites 'till the man dies.

(The scalp halloo continues.)

Taw. It is the voice of Logan.

Kuhn. He comes with his hatchet red with blood. His scalpson a large stick, and I hope with a prisoner for the fire.

Taw. *(Pointing thro' a crack in the council house)*
I see him yonder : he has a prisoner.

Kuhn. Thank the great spirit.

SCENE II.

Enter Logan with three warriors, bringing a prisoner, and three scalps on a pole.

Log. Good brother *(Shakes hands with all the Chiefs)* I have covered some of the blood of my people *(presents the prisoner and scalps)*.

Kuhn. Our hearts are glad brother, that the great spirit has given success to the red hatchet of war in your hand. You have been strong, though before now always the friend of peace.

Log. Logan was the son of peace ; but now he has tasted blood peace will never live in Logan's cabin again.

Taw. Young warriors take away the prisoner, make him run the gauntlet, tie him to a stake, make his white skin as black as a burnt tree, with powder and water, kindle the fire. We will then tell you what is to be done.

Exeunt warriors with the prisoner,

Kuhn. Shall we burn the prisoner ?

Taw. I think so, It is now a long time since our old warriors have smelt the burning flesh of a white man. Our young warriors have never seen a prisoner burned at the stake. They must see what their fathers have so often seen. Their hearts are too soft, they must be made harder. Let them burn the prisoner, and let some of the old men shew them how to do it, that he may not die too soon.

Sha. What shall we gain by burning the prisoner? I cannot see that burning him will be of any service to us. He is a prisoner, and cannot help himself, *Shahillas* is a warrior, and will never lay his hand on the helpless, and weak; unless in mercy. He will give him food if he is hungry, and clothe him if he is ragged, but he will not kill him; if he did he would shoot him; but not burn him.

Kuhn. *Shahillas* is a warrior. In battle he is a storm, his heart is strong, death follows the blow of his hatchet, and the flash of his gun; but when the fight is over he is as mild as the little winds in the spring. He can take a prisoner; but cannot kill him after he is in his hands? *Shahillas* is too good.

Taw. This war was made for revenge, and we must have it. If our lives should pay for it. War is not the work of kindness. We must shoot, stab, tomahoc, and burn all the whites we can catch. War is the work of death. So the long knives treat the red skins. The men, women, and children are all alike to them. If the little child cries, they dont mind it, they break its head with the tomahoc. They know more than we do, and ought we be better than they are. Let us burn him.

Sha. This war cannot last many moons longer. Burning this prisoner will only make it worse. This prisoner has friends, perhaps his blood runs in the veins of more than one hundred people, if we burn him they must kill too, and where will our murders come to an end? This prisoner looks like a man who has a good head and heart and is a big man among his people. Kindness to him may be kindness to ourselves in the end. Let us not burn him.

Kuhn. Burning prisoners has been the custom of our forefathers from old times, and their spirit will be angry with us if we depart from their custom. Do we not see bones mixed with coals, and ashes on the graves. It was on the top of those little hills, which they made with their own hands, that they burned their prisoners, as offerings to the great spirit, and

the ghosts of their friends slain in war. We must do so too. The spirit of our friends will grieve if he is not burned. The white men are as cruel as we are. They killed our friends and then burned them in the house where they were killed.

Enter a young warrior.

War. The prisoner is tied to the stake. He is made black—and the fires are burning. The warriors are waiting for the order of the chiefs to begin the torture.

Taw. Is the prisoner afraid? Does he tremble? Or is he a man?

War. He is a strong man. He is not afraid. He talks to the great spirit.

Log. Go back young man, and tell the warriors we shall soon let them know what is to be done.

[Exit warrior.]

Sha. We must not burn the prisoner. We are mistaken about these white men. They have indeed killed our friends in cold blood, but who committed this murder? The whole nation? No! Only a few bad men. All their great councils will condemn the deed. The names of their chiefs who committed those murders will be black while the world lasts. For the white men forget nothing. They write every thing in their books.

Taw. Must we then be better than the white men?

Sha. Brother *Tawatwees*. Will it hurt our pride to be told that we are better than white men? Thank the great spirit, we are better than many of them. What says brother *Logan*; shall we burn the prisoner?

Log. A prisoner belongs to the nation. And it belongs to the chiefs to say what shall be done with him. It may be I have done wrong and if I have I beg pardon. I have promised him his life, and *Logan* never told a lie.

Taw. *Logan* is a strong warrior; yet he grew up in the sunshine of peace; but *Logan* is too good.

His heart is too soft. Will the spirits of his friends be satisfied if this prisoner is not burned?

Log. The hearts of Logan's friends were like his own, they were good, they were not hard. While living he was their chief. He is so still, and the last of his race. Their spirits are satisfied with what Logan has done. Brothers, I thank you for assisting me with the red hatchet, in taking revenge for the murder of my people. I beg the life of the prisoner. I have promised him that he should not die, and must he say with his last breath that Logan has told a lie?

Taw. Logan is a good man. He has promised too much to his prisoner; but he must keep his promise. Let us give him his prisoner.

Kuhn. Our young men will be much disappointed. They are all anxious to put the fire to the white man.

Log. They are young men. They will soon forget the disappointment. Logan has had revenge. He has done his duty to his people.

SCENE. III.

Enter Queeta with her son Sheba a young warrior, and two daughters.

Queeta. Fathers! Queeta's son was killed at the camp of Logan, at Yellow Creek. Queeta wants another son in his place. I will take the prisoner in the place of my son.

Sheba. Sheba wants a brother. The prisoner is a strong young man. Sheba's eyes would be full of tears if he should be burned. We will hunt hard this fall. We will give fifty bucks for the prisoner.

Young Squaws. We want a brother. The prisoner will be a good hunter, and kill deer for us, and we will be kind to him. Good fathers! do give us the poor prisoner for a brother.

[Exeunt Queeta and her daughters]

All the chiefs. Logan the prisoner is yours. Do with him as your good heart directs.

[Exit Logan.]

Sha. We shall make our young warriors angry for a while ; but we shall stop the blood which runs so fast from the veins of both of the white, and red men, and this is best.

Kuhn. Tawatwees, and Kuhn are both for blood ; but Logan and Shahillas are great men. They are strong in war, and the light of their minds, is the light of the sun when he is highest in the sky. We agree, and hope it is for the best.

SCENE. IV.

Enter Logan with the prisoner, with a belt of white wampum tied around his body.

(The chiefs shake hands with him, each calling him brother.)

Enter Queeta, with her son and daughters.

Log. Mother, I give you the prisoner for a son, and you shall not pay for him. Poor mother you, like Logan, have lost too much already ! You have lost your son. The prisoner is now in his place. And now prisoner, Logan has something to tell you. When we were bringing you here, I promised you, that you should not die, and I have made my promise good. Now be a man. Here is your mother, she is a good woman. Here is your brother, he is a fine young man, and here are your two sisters, they are good girls. They will be kind to you ; they will not ask you to work ; but you must kill meat for them. Be a good man, prisoner. Do not run away. This war cannot last always, the time may come, and that soon, when you may return to your own people, with honor, and perhaps help to stop the blood which is now running. Logan returns to the war, and you may never see him again ; but whatever may be his fate, you will say that Logan has been your friend.

(Prisoner, attempting to kneel down.)

Log. Dont kneel. Stand up like a man. Logan is not the great spirit.

Pris. I thank you, good chiefs, for my life. I shall not run away, I shall always say that Logan has been my best friend.

Queeta. (*Taking the prisoner by the hand.*) My son! (*Wiping her eyes.*) Did you ever loose a brother by death?

Pris. Yes mother, one of my brothers died some time ago

Queeta. Did he come to life again?

Pris. No!

Queeta. If he had come to life again, and you had taken him by the hand, you would know how I feel in taking you in the place of my dead son.

Sheba. (*Taking the prisoner by the hand.* My brother! My poor brother, your feet must be very sore. (*Hands him a pair of mocassons.*) Put these mocassons on them, and then you shall go with us to our Wigwam. (*The prisoner puts the mocassons on his feet.*)

Tawasta. The eldest sister. (*Taking the prisoner by the hand.*) I am your sister. You must love us, and we will be good to you.

Neputa. Youngest sister. (*Taking the prisoner by the hand.*) Poor brother, he is almost naked. Here brother put this matchcoat on him. (*Hands him a matchcoat, who put it on the prisoner.*)

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE—I. Chillicothe.

War chiefs in council.

[*Enter warrior.*]

Sha. Warrior, where have you been?

War. I am one of the spies sent by the *Tawastees* to watch the tracks of the white men, I have been out one moon.

Sha. And what have you seen brother?

War. Too much. They are coming upon us as thick as grasshoppers. Capt. Dunmore is coming up the Hockhocking, and Capt. Lewis lower down. They intend meeting in this town.

Sha. How do you know that.

War. One dark night I got close to two of their men, who watch on the outside of the camp, and I heard them say that they would have fine fun, and plenty to eat in Chilicothe in a few days, and the great captain and their warriors would shake hands there.

Sha. Are you sure of this warrior? Do you understand their talk?

War. Yes I do. Too much.

[*Exit warrior.*]

Kuhn. The dark clouds are coming close to us. What shall we do brothers? Shall we fight; or make peace with the long knives? We must do something very soon.

Taw. It may be that the great spirit is angry with us, because we drink too much of the strong water made by the white men, and because we did not burn Logan's prisoner. Let us make him an offering. (*He clears away every thing from around the council fire, after which he and the other chiefs draw each an handfull of tobacco from their pouches, and throw it into the fire.*)

Taw. O! Great Spirit! We have made you an offering of tobacco. Now hear us, your red children. The white men are coming to kill us, and our squaws and children. Oh! Great Spirit, make these white men sick with the fever, that there may be a great many new graves about all their camps, so their hearts may be made weak. Make all the deer and turkies go away from about them, that they may become hungry and go home. O! Great Spirit, make the two great captains get mad, quarrel, and fight with one another and go way from us. O! Great Spirit, make the hearts, and hands of your red children strong to fight these long knives, and kill and drive them away from our country.

Brothers. We must remove our squaws and children to Lower Sanduskey, out of the way of the long knives, or they will kill them all. Then we must fight them and drive them away if we can.

Sha. Brothers, it is too late. The snow will soon come. If we take away our squaws and children they will starve; for the white men will destroy all our corn. We cannot fight. We have too little powder and lead. We must make peace.

Kuhn. Will they make peace with us? I think they are too angry. They want to kill us all, and take all our land. We must fight to the last.

Sha. The long knives from Kenhawa are very angry, and would kill all our squaws and children as well as ourselves, if they could; but the great captain Dunmore, and his men are not as bad. They will make peace with us.

Kuhn. How do you know that?

Sha. It may be I have done wrong, I have sent a messenger to Capt. Dunmore to ask him if he would make peace. He says he will. His messenger with a white flag will be here presently. We must make peace with Capt. Dunmore, before the long knives from Kenhawa join them, Capt. Dunmore is not angry; but the long knives are very angry.

Log. This war was made for Logan, and he had revenge for the death of his people; but he is sorry that so many of our warriors have been killed by the long knives. Brothers you suffered too much for Logan; he is but one man.

Kuhn. Brother, we have not done too much for you. We are all one, and we must help all our brothers.

SCENE II.

Enter a messenger from the camp of Dunmore, with a roll of paper in his hand.

Mes. Your brother, Capt. Dunmore, sends me to the chiefs with this white flag.

(*To Logan.*) Captain Logan, I am glad to see you.
Log. (angrily) May be so.

(*To the Interpreter,*) stand by me, (*reads.*)

The Earl of Dunmore, Governor of the province of Virginia, makes known to the chiefs of the nations, now unhappily confederated in hostility, against the good subjects of his majesty the king of England, that, deprecating on his part, the bloodshed and miseries of war, he is desirous of entering into an honorable and permanent peace, with the Indian nations, now at war, and will gladly receive the chiefs at camp Charlotte tomorrow at noon, should it be their wish to enter into a treaty of peace.

[*Exit messenger.*]

SCENE III.

Enter a young warrior.

Kuhn. What news have you?

War. Captain Lewis and his long knives are coming up the Scioto, like a whirlwind. They will be here the day after to-morrow, to kill us all, if they can. I heard their watchmen on the outside of the camp say so. They are very angry, because so many of their men were killed at the Kenhawa.

Taw. Did you hear them say any thing about Capt. Dunmore?

War. Yes. I heard them say that Capt. Dunmore is the biggest captain. They are afraid that he will make peace with the Indians, before they can get to Chilicothe. They want to get here first and kill all the Indians, before Capt. Dunmore makes peace.

[*Exit warrior.*]

Kuhn. What shall we do? Shall we take our squaws and children away from the long knives? They will kill them all if they can.

Sha. We will not send our squaws and children away yet. We must send a messenger to the big Capt. Dunmore with the talk of the warriors, and he

will send one of his captains to tell Capt. Lewis to stop; if he dont do so we will move off our squaws and children as fast as we can, and then sell our wigs-wams and corn to the long knives, for as many of them as we can kill.

Taw. Call the warrior, and give him the white flag, to go to the big Capt. Dunmore.

Enter Warrior.

Sha. (*Hands him a white handkerchief on a stick.*) Take this to the big Capt. Dunmore, and give him the same talk which you have given us.

[Exit warrior.]

Sha. Who shall go to the camp of Capt. Dunmore tomorrow? We must make peace, as soon as we can; or we shall have bad times.

Taw. I am afraid of these white men. They are all liars. They want to get us into their camp, and then kill us all, like they did our friends at Yellow creek. May be, we had better move off first, and then make peace if we can.

Kuhn. There is no time to be lost. The long knives are close to us, and we have a great many squaws, and children, and wounded men to take care of. Our people must begin to pack up to go away.

Sha. They may do so, if they choose; but if they do so, it must not be told. It would make Capt. Dunmore very angry, if he should be told of our preparing to go away. He would say that we dont believe what he says. We must appear to believe these white men; altho' we know them to be very great liars.

Log. There is no danger. Capt. Dunmore will make peace with us. The dark clouds are coming from the other side of the great water, where Capt. Dunmore lives. The great chief of the white men is getting very angry with his children here, because they dont give him money enough. He will soon lift the red hatchet against them. Logan has had revenge for the death of his friends. He has killed many. The rest he leaves to the white men themselves.

They will save Logan the trouble of killing any more of them. They will cut each others throats very soon. The great chief over the great water will want the red men to join him. Capt. Dunmore knows all this. He will make peace. He came here to save us from the long knives.

Kuhn. We must all go to the camp of the great captain to-morrow.

Log. Go brothers, with all our warriors; but Logan will not go. Logan will never look in the face of a white man, with the words of peace in his mouth. Logan consents to bury the red hatchet for the sake of his brothers; who have already suffered too much for him. Here interpreter take this talk to Capt. Dunmore.

(Reads the speech from a belt of white wampum, and then hands it to the interpreter.)

"I appeal to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat: if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my country-men pointed as they passed, and said, 'Logan is the friend of the white men.' I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it: I have killed many: I have fully glutted my vengeance: for my country I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbour a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan?—Not one."

[Exeunt omnes.]

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

A DANDY AND A BACK-WOODS-MAN.

PREFACE.

The following dialogue was composed at the request of the students of the Buffalo Seminary and recited at their last exhibition. It was well received by the audience. Since then it has recieved some attention in different parts of the country and been recited in several schools and Thespian Societies. The author has therefore thought proper to republish it under his own name.

Some expressions in this dialogue may appear rough and uncouth, and a few of them objectionable on another ground. Let the blame, if any, rest were it ought; it is not the fault of the author, more than it was that of Shakespeare that "the age in which he lived was not an age of delicacy." Like others in the dramatic personification, the author has used the proverbs, idiom, and phraseolgy of those people whose manners he intended to represent.

If some expressions in the dialogue should excite the blush and blame of prudery no matter. The historian like the connoisseur in painting and statuary, is best pleased with a portrait faithful to the features and figure of its original. This little dialogue is such. The state of society which it describes is precisely that which existed at the period of time alluded to. Even the facts stated by "the Backwoods-man are historical. Its language that which was in current use among our first settlers.

From a portrait of the manners of former times, we have it in our power to make a contrast of two widely different states of society, which results in a conclusion, in favor of the present, which cannot fail to be highly gratifying to every lover of the physical, moral, and religious happiness of man.

WELLSBURGH, *September* the 2 1823



A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN A DANDY AND A BACK-WOODS-MAN.

The following original dialogue, was first acted at the last exhibition at the Buffaloe Seminary, with great applause—by Mr. Samuel Mitchel, in the character of the Back-woods-man, and Mr. John Andrews, in that of the Dandy.

The curtain rises and presents the Back-woods-man in an hunting shirt, a shot-pouch, with his powderhorn on his right side, with his feet and legs, dressed, of course, in leggins and mockasons. A Spruce little Dandy in the dress of his order approaches him. The dialogue then begins.

Dandy.—Good morning Sir. I am glad to see you ; I have often heard and read of the Back-woods-men : and supposing, from your dress you are one of them, I should like to have a little conversation with you, concerning the first settlement of this country, and your wars with the Indians.

Back-woods-man.—With all my heart.

Dan. I have no doubt your tales of former times are highly interesting and entertaining, and of course worthy of remembrance.

Back. For the matter of that, I cannot say much in their favor. I have no larnin, an I never was much of a hand at tellin tales ; howenever, I will do with you as I have often seed them do in the Court, in West Liberty, I will answer such questons as you will ax me.

Dan. What time did you come to this country ?

Back. In the year 1773, the summer before Dunmore's war, my father come over the mountins, and settled in this part of the country. I was then a thumpin chunk of a boy, may be ten or a dozen years old.

Dan. What was the external appearance of the country at your first recollection of it ?

Back. Why, Sir, the tarnal appearance of the country was, that it was all wild woods, and full of deers, and bears, and turkies, and rattlesnakes—and in the summer time, the weeds was so high,

that you could track a man on horseback, at full gallop.

Dan. I suppose, Sir, you had then but few of the comforts of civilized life.

Back. Why, we was not very fine to be sure, but we was civil enough; for the war which placed our night caps in danger every day, made us very lovin' to one another; one man then was worth as much as twenty is now; but if you mean fine things about house, and stores, and mills, and meeting houses, and big roads, we had no such things; or if you mean squires, and preachers, and lawyers, and judges, and sheriffs; we had no such cattle among us for many years.

Dan. How could society exist in such circumstances? What was your diet?

Back. We subsisted as well as we could. Our vittals was venison, bear meat, wild turkies, and arter we got to rasin corn we had plenty of mush and milk and hog and homony.

Dan. And pray, old gentleman, what was the furniture of your houses in those early times?

Back. The furniture of our cabbins was trenches, woodin bowls, gourds, and hard shelled squashes, and some times a few old pewter plates, and tin cups.

Dan. But tell me, how did you procure those indispensable necessities without which society cannot subsist?

Back. O! Don't you talk so high flowin. What do you mean by spensable necessities?

Dan. I mean salt, iron, steel, and such like things?

Back. O! I understand you now; I will tell you all about that. We gathered all the deer skins, and bear skins, and fur that we could get through the year, and every fall the neighbors would join the gither and rig up a parcel of our horses and pack saddles, and load them with oats and corn, and leave some at Red Stone, Tomlbson's, Oldtown, Hagers-town, and Fredericktown, to feed the horses on the return; our wallets were filled with cakes and good

jirk. When we got to Baltimore we sold our skins and fur for iron, steel, and salt and powder and lead, and some tin cups, and if a little stranger or a wedding was shortly expected in one of the families, a half a pound of bohea tea was sometimes fetched out for the frolic. This was drunk out of tin cups, if we happened to have them, if not, we drunk it out of noggins or bowls.

I must tell you a bit of a joke to let you know how little we knowed about things on tother side of the mountins. Sometime after the country had been settled, a parcel of us undertook to take a drove of beeves to Baltimore; at a sartin place in the mountins, where we staid all night, our landlord and his hired man stole two of our bells. The drove had not gone far in the mornin before the bells was missed; some of our men went back, made search, got the bells and hung them round the necks of the laddies and marched them before them till they overtook the drove; a jury was held, and they was condemned to take so many lashes from each drovyer. They were stript to the buff, and tied up to the trees. When the drovyer that owned one of the bells got the hickory in his hand, now? says he, you infernal scoundrel I'll work your jacket nineteen to a dozen. Only what a pityful figure I should have made parading the streets of Baltimore without a bell on my horse.

Dan. What was your education in those days?

Back. I will tell you what my larnin was. Soon arter I had larn'd to speak, I larned to mock every bird, and beast in the woods; I could bleat like a fawn; kwock like a turkey; oohoo like an owl; and howl like a wolf, with the face of clay—next I larned to shoot the bow and arrow, throw the tomhok, and handle the rifle; and I finished by runin, jumpin, and wraslin, and depend upon it, it took a fellow of spunk to measure the ground with my back.

Dan. I suppose you must have been an excellent marksman?

Back. Let me alone for that, I could have hit a midge's eye fifty yards, if I could have seed it. A squirrels head on the top of a tree was a sure mark for me ; if I once drew sight on it, I was sure to open his brain pan, and make him hunt for the ground the shortest way he could find it. By the times I was fourteen years of age, I was made a soldier in the fort, and had all my war apparatuses, and a port hole to defend : I was then of more value than I am now, every man, woman, and child considered me as one of their protectors, but now I am getting old and out of date.

Dan. Father ! I hope not. But I must say, yours was a strange state of society ; every man was a hunter, a soldier, or if you please, a 'sharp shooter' and a farmer.

Back. Aye, indeed, it was all that.

Dan. I have read that the state of society may be ascertained by certain criteria such as marriage ceremonies, songs, stories and so on. Will you be so good as to give me an account of one of your marriages.

Back. Surely I will. In some places we had some old man who said he had been a minister or squire, or an elder who said some kind of a ceremony for a marriage, and it did very well, they lived together as well arterwards as our people do now.

Dan. Relate, if you please, the whole process of a wedding.

Back. A weddin made a great rumpuss in a neighborhood every body that was not ax'd was mad as a wet hen, so that there was often a great deal of fun, and a great deal of mischief at a weddin.

In the mornin of the marriage day, the company gathered at the house of the groom, and tuck their march, two and two, boys and gals, to go to the bride's house. When they got about half way, two men would single out to run for the bottle, and such a race you never saw, thro' brush over logs, up hill and down dale, till they come to the bride's house. He that got first to the bride's house, got black betty.

which was the name they called the bottle; back he run as if old nick were arter him till he met the company. He was the clever fellow. The company stopt, and every boy and gal, old and young, big and little, must kiss black betty; that is to take a good slug of a dram. But it often happened that the neighbors that was not ax'd, took it into their heads to make mischief, they would fall tree tops, and tie grape vines a cross the road, and sometimes plant themselves behind logs and brushes, with their guns, and fire them off so as to cover the whole company with smoke, and then such jumpin of hosses, and squallin of the gals, you never heard; sometimes the hosses would make their riders hunt for the ground, and if an elbow or shoulder was out of joint, no matter, it was soon well again. In the night, the people that was not ax'd, would cut off the mains and tails of the hosses belonging to the weddin company.

I once saw a couple of horns set up on two poles, one on each side of the road, where a weddin company had to pass. Do you know the meanin of that? If you don't they did, and it had like to played the deal and turned up Jack. *

Dan. I should like to hear something of their toasts and healths on these occasions.

Back. They had no toast that I know of but what was made of bread, and not much of that nather, for in them days we had but little bread besides jonny-cake and pone, and if you wouldn't cut that you might let it alone. When a man wanted to drink a health at a weddin, he would call out, where is black betty? I want to kiss her sweet lips. When he got the bottle he would say, 'here's to the company, not forgetting myself; and here's to the bride and groom—thumpin luck and big children.

Dan. Had they any other kind of amusements but such as you have mentioned?

* This was frequently done when the chastity of the bride was suspected.

Back. O yes! They danced jigs and reels like all the world, and when they got tired, some would call a halt for a story or a song. Then would come a story about Jack and the jiant, in which the jiant was sure to come out of the little end of the horn; when this is done, some pretty gal would sing a good love song about murder, and so on they went, sometimes three or four days, may be a whole week. It was a high frolic, you may depend on it. Your wedners are as still as mice—I dont like it; marriage commonly comes but once in a body's life and there ought to be some fun about it. But new lords new laws.

Dan. I perceive, sir, that the ladies in your days of old, were not so well polished as they are now; they had no rings, ruffles, and leghorns.

Back. Some few of them got some brass rings from their mothers, or grand mothers, but they was not thought the better for wearing them; as for ruffles, they had not much to make them of; as for leghorns, I cant say much about them—legs to be sure they had, but I don't know that any of them had horns.

Dan. I perceive from all you have said Mr. Backwoods-man, that you must have been in a deplorable condition—your country a willderness; your habitations wretched hovels, or cabbins; your furniture gourds, your marriages scenes of riot and obscenity: No places of worship; no schools, courts, nor civil government of any sort; a continual warfare with the Indians. No comforts; no elegancies for the body, and no means of improvement for the mind—Heavens! What a condition of human scoiety! Was this country a Tartary or a Siberia? Surely, Sir, you must have been neither more nor less than a set of semi barbarians!

(At this last expression, the Backwoodsman darts a look of indignation at the dandy.)

Back. Young Buck! you have called me Backwoods-man, and I have confessed my name and I have answered all the questions you have ax'd me;

now pray, who are you? Some time ago my daughter Betsy, showed me a picture in Mr. Berry's paper, and she said it was a thing called a Dandy, and you hemlook very much like it, with your bell crowned hat. How many capes have you got on your coat? Look at trumpet muzzled trowsers there? What makes your waist so slim? You must have cords around you to pull up the ribs, and squeeze in the breadbasket, and must I suffer such a little finikin, puny pinched up thing, to call me and the rest of the first settlers of this country, simple barbarians? Young thing, I am old to be sure, but there is oil enough in my bones for you yet.

(The Backwoodsman draws his fist, hits the Dandy in the face, who falls at length on the floor, his cane and hat fall at some distance from him.)

Dan. Murder! help! help! For God's sake deliver me! *(Several come running to his assistance.)*

Back. Stop young men, I shall not strike him any more. Let him get up himself, I have not hurt him much I'm sure. Get up pigmy.

(The Dandy endeavours to rise, but is unable owing to his corslets.)

Back. What's the matter with him? His whole body is as stiff as a stake. Give me your hand. *(He helps him up, and politely hands him his hat and cane.)*

Dan. For what reason did you strike me? It was not my intention to give you any offence; you must have mistaken the meaning of what I said.

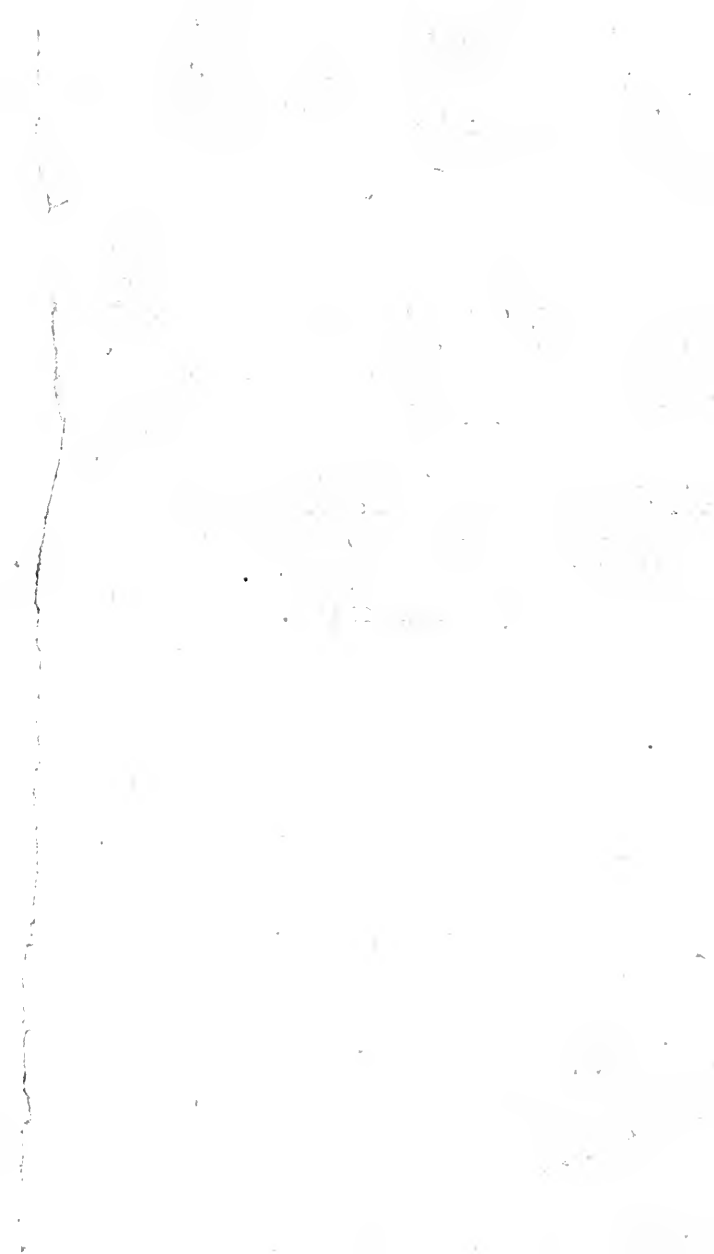
Back. No matter young man I go off half cocked sometimes; that's all. And now I'll tell you a piece of my mind—A Back-woods-man is a queer sort of a fellow; he never gives an affront, and he never takes one; if you call him a rogue, a liar, or a simple barbarian, he will be sure to knock you down, or try for it. If he's not a man of larnin, he has plain good sense. If his dress is not fine, his inside works are good and his heart is sound. If he is not rich or great, he knows that he is a father of his country. Yes, young man, instead of that pretty little stick, I

have had to handle the riffle and tomahoc. Instead of a bell crowned hat, I have had to score the woods with an old bit of a handkerchy on my head, in scoutin arter the Ingins. Instead of such a smelling bottle as you hold to your nose, I have had to smell gunpowder. The little land I own has been dearly purchased by the blood of my relations! You little dandies, and other big folks may freely enjoy the fruits of our hardships; you may feast, where we had to starve; and frolic, where we had to fight; but at the peril of all of you, giye the Back-woodsman, none of your slack jaw.

The patrons of, "The notes on the settlement, and wars of the western country." Are informed that the work only awaits the fulfilment of a contract for paper, rendered impracticable for some time past, by the want of water in the stream on which the mill is situated.

The author is thankful to those gentlemen who have returned the subscriptions sent to them ; and hopes those who have not done so, will return theirs with all convenient despatch.

WELLSBURGH, *September the 13 1823.*



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